

G Baker
THE
T R A V E L S
OF
U L Y S S E S ;

As they were

Related by Himself

IN

H O M E R ' S

Ninth, } Eleventh &
Tenth, } Twelfth

BOOKS of his O D Y S S E S ,
TO

Alcinous King of Phæacia.



W C
don : Printed by F. C. for *William Crook*, at the
Green-Dragon without Temple-Bar. 1673.



T

Th



17b

De

Lo

Or



The Travels of Ulysses.

The end of the Eighth Book of *Homer's*
Odyssees; to which *Ulysses* answereth in
 the four Books following.



*Well, tell me now what Lands you wandring saw,
 what Nations, and what Cities you came to;
 what kind of People, civil, or without Law,
 cruel or kinde to strangers, godly or no.*

*When you heard sung the woful fate of Troy,
 why did you weep? the Gods that built the Town
 Decreed thereat much people to destroy,*

*And that their Fate should be sung up and down,
 Lost you some Kinsman there, or near Alley,
 which might in time of danger you bestead,
 Or some good friend? a wise friend standing by,
 Is worth a Kinsman in a time of need.*

TO this *Ulysses* said, Renowned King
Alcinous, methinks delightful 'tis
 To sit as we do here, and hear one sing,
 And specially so good a Voice as this.

I, for my part, do never more rejoyce,
 Then when I see men sitting at their meat
 Cheerful, and listening to a pleasant voice,
 And see the Cups go often, and retreat.

This is a thing that I love best ; but you
 Had rather hear the dangers I have past,
 Which fright me yet, and do my pain renew.

But which shall I tell first? which next? which last?
 For they be many. First my name I'll tell,
 And place, that whensoever you thither come
 You may there lodge, although far off I dwell,
 And am uncertain of my getting home.

I am *Ulysses Laertiades*,

And far and wide I am reputed wise
 'Mongst men that love subtil conveyances,
 And known I am by Fame up to the Skies.
 My place is *Ithaca*, in which is store
 Of Wooll. Mount *Neriton* is cloath'd with wood

A goodly Hill, and many Islands more
 Lye close about it, yeelding store of food,
Dulichium, *Same*, and the wooddy *Zant*,

On th' East of *Ithaca* are scituate.

Another Island, which is called *Ant*,

Lies Westward of it, but is low and flat.

Rocky is *Ithaca*, and uneven ground ;

But breedeth able men. Nor have I known
 The man that to his own minde ever found

A Country that was better then his own.

From mine *Calypso* kept me in a Cave

T' have been her Husband ; so did *Circe* too :

But neither of them my consent could have,

So much could love of my own Country do.

For though far off I might have better Land,

Yet should I from my Kindred absent live.

But now 'tis time to let you understand

What passage to me *Jove* was pleas'd to give.

From *Troy* to *Ismarus* we first were blown

Within an Isle, *Cicons* the Natives are ;

And soon we plundered and burnt the Town,

And of the Plunder each man had his share.

The Wives we prisoners made, and to the Sword
 We put the men : And then without delay
 I did command them all to go aboard ;

But they, Fools as they were, would not obey :
 For they to kill, eat, drink, themselves apply,
 Beeves, sheep & wine, which they had on the beach.

Cicons mean while to *Cicons* so loud cry,
 That to the Continent their voices reach.

And presently came others, numberless.

As leaves in Summer ; stout, and men of skill,
 To fight on Horseback with much readiness,
 Or else on foot, according as they will.

Jove had decreed us mischief, and the hour

Was come : And just before our Ships we fought :
 Spears were our Weapons, which with all our Power

We lanced on both sides with courage stout.

Whilst the Sun mounted we resisted well,

But after Noon they pressed us so sore,
 That with the falling Sun our courage fell ;

And then in haste we thrust our Ships from shore.
 From out of every Ship six men we lost :

And then with heavy hearts our Sails we hoise,

And

And grieved for our Fellows left the Coast ;

But first to ev'ry of them called thrice
Whom slain by th' Enemy we left behinde.

Then *Jove* with Clouds both Land and Water vails,
And night came on us with a furious winde

From the North-part of Heav'n, and tore our Sails
Inth ree's and four's, and all our Ships were tost

Hither and thither, side-ways with the blasts,
And one anothers way hindred and crost.

Then took we in our Sails, and down our Masts,
For fear of death, and laid them on the Decks,

And with our Oars rowed our Ships to Land ;
Two nights and days we stay'd, while grief did vex

Each minde, and labour tyred had each hand.

But when the Morn had led forth the third day,

We then set sail, and left their course to th' winde;

The which (we sitting still) did them convey

According as the Steers-men had design'd.

And I had safely come to *Ithaca*,

Had not the North-winde with the tide o'th' Sea,

When I was come to th' Cape of *Malea*,

Forc'd us without the Isle of *Cytheré*.

The horrid Windes now found me on the Main,
 And tofs'd me into one anothers hand :
 Nine days together I endur'd this pain,
 Upon the tenth they cast me on a Land
 Where dwell a People call'd *Lotophagi*,
 That have and live upon a fruit full sweet
 I'th' Continent. We went ashore ; there I
 Made them take in fresh water for the Fleet.
 Then having quickly sup'd, I chose out two
 Of my Companions to go and see
 What men they were ; with them I sent also
 A third, who went as Messenger from me.
 They quickly went ; but mingled with those men
 Who meant no harm, but gave them *Lote* to eat,
 Which made them hate returning back agen,
 And suddenly their Country to forget :
 And with the people there resolv'd to stay,
 Forgetting home for love of *Lote*. But I
 Sent those that quickly fetched them away
 By force, and under hatches did them tye.
 The rest I bad unto their Ships to haste,
 Left eating *Lote* they should return no more.

Aboard they quickly come, and each one plac't

In order, beats the grey Sea with his Oar.

Then to the Land of *Cyclopes* we row,

Men proud and lawless, that relye for food

Upon the Sky, and neither plant nor plow ;

Yet have they Barley, Wheat, Wine very good,

Unplow'd, unsown, fetch'd up by show'rs of Rain.

They have no Courts of Councel, nor of Right.

On huge high hills themselves they entertain,

And in their rocky bellies pass the night.

Each man gives Law to his own Wife and Brood.

Nor do they much for one another care.

Before the Port an Isle lies clad with wood,

Not very near, nor from it very far.

Wilde goats in great abundance were therein :

For why, there dwel'd no men that might them kill,

Nor wretched Hunters ever enter in,

To tire themselves running from hill to hill.

For the good Ship with the Vermilion Cheeks

The *Cyclopes* have not, nor Art to make

All that is needful for a man that seeks

Trade, and to pass the Seas must undertake.

The Island else they quickly might adorn.

The Land is good ; to th' Sea sweet Meadows lye,
And plentifully would yield Wine and Corn,

If it were helped with good Husbandry.

Anchors and Cables in the Port needs none,

Nor any Rope to tye the Ship to Land ;
And when the Master thinks fit to be gone,

With the first Winde they take the Oar in hand.

Within the entrance riseth a sweet Spring .

From out a Cave, shaded with *Poplars* tall ;
Thither to shore our Ships we safely bring.

Some God was Guide. Nothing we saw at all.
Dark night it was, and nothing to be seen ;

The Air about us thick, and from the Sky
The Moon could not shine through the Clouds be-
Nor Waves, nor Isle appear'd to any eye. (tween,

Then took we in our Sails, and went to Land,

And waited for the coming of the day,
And in the mean time slumbered on the Sand :

But when we saw appear the morning gay,
Admiring th' Isle, we walked to and fro,

Whilst the Nymphs (sprung from *Jove Ægiocorus*)

Refresh-

Refreshment on my Souldiers to bestow,

Down from the Mountain brought the Goats to us.

And presently from out our Ships we take

Our Bows and Arrows keen, and came away,

And of our Company three Troops we make ;

Then shooting, soon we had a lovely prey.

Our Ships were twelve, to which they equally

Divide the Spoil ; for every Ship had nine,

Save only mine had ten : Then merrily

All day we sit and feast on Flesh and Wine.

For we had Wine enough as yet unspent,

Of that we got and brought away with us,

Which ev'ry man had into Budgets pent,

Then when we took the Town of *Ismarus*.

Close by we saw the Land of *Cyclopes*,

And smoke, & heard the voice o' th' men, & Sheep

And Goats. 'Twas night, and on the Sand o' th' Sea

Our selves till morning we refresh'd with sleep.

But when the Rosie morning 'gan t' appear,

My Fellows I together call'd, and spake :

You, my Companions, by the Ships stay here ;

I with my Ship and Crew will undertake

A tryal of this people, whether wilde,
 And proud, and insolent their nature be,
 Or whether they be men of nature milde,
 Godly, and loving hospitality.

This said, I went aboard, and bad my Crew
 Imbarque themselves. Aboard they quickly come,
 And sitting each man in his order due,
 With stroak of Oar they make the grey Sea foam.
 Arriv'd, we of a Cavern saw the door,
 Both high and wide, and sheep and goats there lay
 Abundance sleeping. It was shaded o're
 With boughs that downward grew of Lawrel gay.
 Before it was a Court well fenc'd with stone
 And lusty Oaks, and many a Pine-Tree high.
 I'th' Cave a Gyant lodg'd, who us'd alone
 His sheep to feed, no other *Cyclops* nigh.
 It was a huge and ugly Monster, and
 Lookt not unlike a rocky mountains head
 That does 'mongst other hills asunder stand,
 With a great Perriwig of Trees o'respread.
 Then bad I my Companions to stay
 And guard the Ship, save that by lot a dozen

I took of them along with me, and they,
 By chance, were the same men I would have chosen.
 With me I took a Goatskin full of Wine,
 Pleasant and strong, by *Maron* given me,
Evanthes Son, Priest to *Phæbus* Divine,
 At *Ismarus*, to save his Family,
 Fearing the God in whose Grove he did live.
 For which sev'n Talents of pure beaten gold,
 And a large Silver Bowl he did me give
 Freely, besides twelve Budgets of Wine, old,
 Pure, pleasant, precious drink it was, which none
 Knew of besides himself, his Wife and Maid ;
 Of the men-servants that he kept, not one.
 Which when he drank, he usually allay'd
 With water pure, full twenty times as much.
 And when a man so temper'd had his Cup,
 Yet still the fragrant smell thereof was such,
 He hardly could forbear to drink it up.
 This Goatskin I took with me in a Case,
 Expecting of some great and gasty man,
 That knew nor Law, nor Right, to see the face ;
 And landing, quickly to the Den we ran.

We entred in, but did not finde him there ;

But gaze we did at ev'ry thing with wonder :
Shelves full of Cheese as much as they could bear,
Pens full of Sheep and Goats, each sort asunder,
Old, younger, young'st ; all Vessels to the brim,
Pans, Trays, and Milking-Pales were full of Whey.
My men desir'd me not to stay for him,

But make what haste I could to get away,
And take some of his Cheeses from the shelves,
And sheep from out the Pens, and then to go,
And setting up our Sails to save our selves.

But I would not, though 't had been better so.
But I desir'd to see the man, and try

If from him some good gift I might obtain ;
But they with fear were ready for to die,

And could not think upon him but with pain.
Then kindled we a fire, and kill'd and fed

On Flesh and Cheese, and for his coming staid.
He came, and a great burthen carried

Of wither'd Eoughs, which at the door he laid.
His Supper with this Wood he meant to dress,
And threw it down with such a hideous noise,

As frighted us to th' innermost recess

O'th' Cave ; there lay we, and suppress'd our voice.

Into the Cave he comes, he and his Flock,

All that was milch ; the Males he left without,

Rams and He-goats, and the door with a Rock

Stops up, which two & twenty Carts scarce mought
Bear above ground, and then to milking fell ;

But first he sets unto each Ewe her Lamb,
In order due, to see them suckled well,

And each young Goat he puts unto her Dam.
Half of the Milk he turn'd to Curds, and put
Them into Wicker-Baskets to set up :

The other half he into Tankards put,

For drink to serve him when he was to sup.
When he had ended all his business,

He made a fire, and thereby spy'd us out.
What are you, says he, whence d'ye cross the Seas ?

Is it on business, or d'ye rove about
As Pyrats walk at Sea, to and agen,

And are content to set their lives at stake,
So they may mischief do to other men ?

Our hearts dismay'd before, this language brake.

We

We fear'd his hollow voice, and body great ;

But yet I made him answer, and said thus :

We are *Achaëans*, making our retreat

Homewards from *Troy*, but Windes have forced us
Upon this Coast (for *Jove* would have it so.)

We are a part of *Agamemaons* Bands,
Whose glory for his sacking *Troy*, is now

Renown'd both far and wide throughout a'l Lands.
And now our selves we prostrate at your feet,

Hoping for some good thing as Visitants ;
Such as all men have commonly thought meet ;

Or for the Gods sake, as to Suppliants.
As Suppliants we before you here do lye,
With whom, and strangers, *Jove* still goes along.

He is the God of Hospitality,
To punish whosoever does them wrong.

Thus I. But he replyed with fell intent,
Stranger, thou art a fool, or com'st from far,
That counsel'st me to fear the punishment
Of *Jove*, or for the blessed Gods to care.

The *Cyclopes* care not at all for *Jove*
Agiochus, or any other Gods.

For why, we stronger are then those above ;

And if we strength compare, we have the odds.

No, no. 'Tis not the fear of *Jupiter*

Can me from thee, or these with thee restrain,
Unless I please. But tell me truly where

The Ship that brought you rides, and do not fail.
This was to sound me. But I saw his minde,
And a deceitful answer did intend.

My Ship was wreckt by *Neptune*, and by winde
Thrown 'gainst the rocks, at the Lands furthest end,
Where all besides my self and these were drown'd.

To this he answer'd nothing, nor said more ;
But snatching up a couple from the ground,
Knocks out their brains, like whelps against the floor.

Then cuts them into joynts, and on them fed :

Nor did he flesh, or bone, or entrails leave,
Like hungry Lyon on the Mountains bred.

Then weep we, and to *Jove* our hands up heave
To see such work, and have no remedy.

When he with humane flesh his belly deep
Had fill'd, and drunk the milk that stood him by,
He laid himself along amongst his sheep,

And

And slept. And then I saw I might him slay :

'Twas but to draw my good Sword from my side,
And gently on his brest my hand to lay,

And to the hilts the Sword in's body hide.
Upon new thoughts that purpose I gave o're ;

For certainly it had destroy'd us quite :
So great the stone was that lay on the door,

That to remove it was past all our might.
So there we fighting staid for day : and when

The Rosie-finger'd morning did appear,
He made a fire, and milkt his Flock agen,

And the young Kids and Lambs new suckled were.
When all his work was at an end, and past,

Two more of my Companions he takes,
And on those two he quickly breaks his fast,
And for his Flock the way he open makes.

For easily he took the stone away,

And then again with no less ease he did
Set up the same, and in its right place lay,

Then of a Quiver one would do the Lid.
His Flock with noise he drives up to the hills,
And in the Den leaves us to meditate

How to revenge (with *Phœbus* help) our ills.

At last within my breast this counsel fate.

Near one o' th' Piers there lay an Olive-Tree,

Straight, and the boughs cut off, which when 'twas
Designed was a Walking-staff to be (dry'd,

Of the Great *Cyclops*; which when we espied,
Of some good Ship we thought might be the Mast,
Or of a Bark of twenty Oars or more,

That *Neptunus* rugged waters might have pass
With a great burthen safe from shore to shore.

Of this a fathom I cut off, and gave it

To my Companions to taper it :

They smooth'd and taper'd it as I would have it ;

I sharp'nd it at point as I thought fit.

Then in the fire the same I hardned well,

And laid it by with Dung all cover'd o're,
Which in the Cave from so much Cattle fell ;

For sheep and goats there always were good store.

From all my Company, who did not fear

To help me thrust this Bar into his eye,

I took out four by lot, and such they were

As I my self did with : the fifth was I.

At Ev'ning he returneth with his sheep,

Into the hollow Cave he brings them all :

Without, he neither sheep nor goat did keep,

By Prefage, or upon some Heav'nly Call.

Then with the stone the Caves mouth up he dams,

And milks his she-goats and his Ews each one ;

And suckles all his young Kids, and his Lambs.

But after he his work had fully done,

Another couple of my men he took.

Then having in my hand an Ivy Kan

Of good black Wine, I thus unto him spoke :

Cyclops, since you have eaten flesh of man,

Here, drink this good black Wine upon't, and see

What excellent good drink we had aboard,

Whereof I've hither brought a taste to thee,

Hoping you will some kindness me afford,

And some assistance in our Voyage home.

But so intolerably furious

You are, that no man will dare near you come,

Knowing how cruel you have been to us.

When I had said, the good Wine he drank up,

And was extremely pleased with the same :

And

And straightway calling for another Cup,
 Tell me (quoth he) right now what is thy name ;
 And I will give thee that shall please thy heart.

We *Cyclopes* have Vines that yield good Wine,
 Which from the Earth by Rain from Heaven start :

But this some branch of *Nectar* is divine.
 When he had said, I gave him Wine again.

Three times I fill'd the Kan, and he as oft
 Drank't off. But when it came up to his brain,
 Then spake I to him gentle words and soft.

Cyclops, since you my name desire to know,
 I'll tell it you, and on your word relye.

My name is *NOMAN* ; all men call me so,
 My Father, Mother, and my Company.

To which he soon and sadly made reply,
NOMAN I'll eat you last, none shall out-live you
 Of all that here are of your company ;

And that's the gift I promised to give you.
 And having said, he laid himself along

With bended neck, sleeping and vomiting
 Gobbets of Humane Flesh, and Wine among,
 All he before had eaten uttering.

The Bar with Embers then I covered,
 Till (green as 'twas) with heat I made it shine ;
 And with few words my men encouraged,
 Left any should have shrunk from the designe.
 The Bar now hot, and ready to flame out,
 And (though green wood) yet glowing mightily,
 To him my Fellows carried, now stout,
 And set the point thereof upon his eye.
 But I my self erecting with my hand,
 Twirled the Bar about, with motion nimble,
 As Joyners with a string below do stand,
 To give a piercing motion with a wimble.
 So whilst the Brand was entring, I it turn'd.
 The blood that down along it ran was hot ;
 And with his Eye the Lids and Brows were burn'd,
 And all his Eye-strings with the fire did strut.
 As when a Smith hath heat his Axe or Spade,
 And quickly quenches it while hot it is ,
 To harden it, it makes a noise ; so made
 His great moist Eye the glowing Brand to hiss.
 He roared so as made the Rocks resound,
 And from his Eye he pull'd with both his hands

The burning Brand, and threw it to the ground ;

And so a while he there amazed stands.

And thence for more *cyclopes* calls ; and they

(Who dwelt about in every hollow Cave)

Came in, some one, and some another way ;

And from without the Den ask'd what he'd have.

What ails thee *Polyphemus* so to cry

In dead of night, and make us break our sleep ?

Goes any one about to make thee die,

By force or fraud, or steal away thy sheep ?

Then *Polyphemus* answered from his Cave,

Friends, *NOMAN* killeth me. Why then, said they,

We have no power from sickness you to save ;

You must unto your Father *Neptune* pray.

This said, they parted each one to his own

Dark Cavern : Then within my self I laugh'd

To think how with my Name the Mighty Clown

I so deceived had, and gull'd by craft.

The *Cyclops* for the stone now groap'd about,

Found it, and threw it down, though pained sore ;

Thinking to catch us at our coming out,

Sitting with Arms extended in the door.

Such

Such fools he thought us : but I formerly
 Had thought upon the course I was to take ;
 And all my cunning, and my Art to try,
 Since no less then our lives was now at stake,
 This counsel 'twas that in my brest then sat ;
 Male-sheep there were within the Cave well fed,
 Fair, big, and deeply clad in wooll and fat,
 And these, with twigs ta'ne from *Cyclops* his bed,
 I bound together three and three ; each three
 Bore one under the middlemost fast bound :
 One Ram, by far the best of all, bore me
 Under his brest, my hands in deep wooll wound.
 Thus hung we constantly, expecting day.
 The morning came, the Males to pasture hie,
 (The Ews with strutting Udders bleating stay)
 Their Master sitting there in misery,
 Laid's hand upon their backs as our they past,
 Ne're thinking of their Bellies we were under.
 Mine heavy with his wooll and me came last,
 To whom the *Cyclops* said, seeming to wonder,
 Why, silly Ram, art thou the last to come
 Out of the Cave, that formerly was ever

The foremost to go out, and to come home,
 And foremost at the going to the River ;
 But now art last ? Is't for thy Masters eye,
 Which *NOMAN* and his Fellows have put forth ?
 O couldst thou speak, and tell me where doth lye
 Hidden within, that *NOMAN* nothing worth,
 I soon would with his brains besmear the floor,
 And ease my vexed heart within me so,
 Which *NOMAN* hath within me wounded sore.
 This said, he let the Ram that bore me go.
 Got forth a little from the Den and Yard,
 I left my Ram, and set my Fellows free :
 Unto my Ships I brought part of the Herd,
 That to our Fellows we might welcome be,
 We that escap't : But they began to weep
 For those we left behinde us dead, till I
 Commanded them to fetch aboard more sheep,
 And after that their Oars again to ply.
 They brought in more, and each man takes his seat,
 And in due order, with his Oar in hand,
 The water grey into a foam they beat,
 And rowed us a little way from Land,

As far as one that hollows can be heard ;
 So far I stood from shore, I hollow'd then ;
Cyclops, Cyclops, why were you not afraid
 To kill and eat, as you have done, my men ?
 For since you strangers do so in intreat,
 And of the Gods themselves no reck'ning make,
 You ought to have expected vengeance great,
 And that your wicked deeds should you o'retake.
 The *Cyclops* then provoked with this mock,
 Threw a great stone at us with all his might ;
 And first he swing'd round o're his head the Rock,
 Which just behinde the Rudder chanc'd to light ;
 And so much stir'd the water falling in,
 That what with th' eddy and tide from the Main,
 Brought back to th' Land, and sure we dead had bin
 But that I quickly thrust it off again.
 Then bad I my Companions to row
 Still further off, till we were out of fear.
 They ply'd their Oars again ; and we were now
 At twice the distance that before we were.
 And then again I to the *Cyclops* spoke,
 (Though my companions would have hindred me

Why (say they) will you still the man provoke ?

How great a stone, how far he throws, you see,
How near to Land we were, how near to dye.

If he but any one of us hear speak,
A Rock will straightway from him hither fly,
And knock our brains out, and our Vessel break.

So said they ; but with me could nothing do,

I was resolv'd to vex him bitterly.

Cyclops, quoth I, if any ask thee who,

What was his name, that rob'd thee of thy eye,
Say 'twas *Ulysses*, Prince of *Ithaca*,

Son to the old *Laertes*. He it was.

At which the *Cyclops* howling answered, Ha,

I see old Prophecies are come to pass.

For *Telemus* *Eurymedes* that here

Dwelled, and telling Fortunes went about,
Told me I should by name *Ulysses* fear,

As he that one day should my Eye put out.

But I some strong and mighty man expected

Of Stature great, should come to do that deed,

And never such a little Wretch suspected,

Nor ever did of being Drunk take heed.

But come *Ulysses* nearer, that I may
 Give you a precious gift as you deserve ;
 And also to my Father *Neptune* pray,
 That you upon the Seas he would preserve.
 For I his Son, and he my Father is,
 And to my sight again restore me can ;
 He, and no other of the Gods in bliss,
 Nor any Pow'r on earth. So said the man.
Cyclops (quoth I) I would I could as well
 Send thee now down to *Pluto's* ugly Den
 Depriv'd of life and soul i'th' deepest Hell,
 As I am sure thou ne're shalt see agen.
 Then held he up his hands to Heav'n and pray'd,
 Hear me, O *Neptune*, if thy Son I be,
 And thou my Father truly, as 'tis said,
 Grant that *Ulysses* never more may see
 His Native Soil ; or if perhaps by fate
 It be decreed he shall return again,
 Let him return both wretchedly and late,
 His ships and men lost, and at home meet pain.
 His prayer granted was ; and then he threw
 A greater stone, first swung o're his head,

Which by good chance above the Vessel flew,
 But almost to the shore us carried.

When we were come into the Isle again

Where all the rest of our Fleet then abode
 Expecting our return, in grievous pain,

And wondring why we were so long abroad ;
 Then with our sheep we landed on the Beach,
 And 'mongst the Barks divided them with care,
 Their just and equal number unto each,

That no Ship might be wronged of his share.
 On me my Fellows over and above
 Bestow'd a Ram, which on the Sand there-right
 I made a Sacrifice to mighty Jove ;

But in my Off'rings he took no delight ,
 And was contriving how to make away

My Ship and Fellows, and destroy them quite.
 There on the shore we sat and spent the day
 With Flesh and Wine, from morning unto night.
 All night we slept upon the shore ; and when

The morning had again the day restor'd,
 I presently commanded all my men
 To looie the Ropes, and put themselves aboard.

Aboard they go and beat the Sea with Oars,
 All for their Fellows which were caren, sad.
 And forward to the Main we take our course,
 For that we had our selves escap'd, glad.

At th' floating Isle *Æolia* we landed, *Iib. 10.*

Where *Æolus* the Son of *Hippotus*
 Beloved of th' Immortal Gods commanded.

His house was walled all about with brass.
 Th' ascent unto it was all one smooth stone.

Twelve were his Children, six Sons & their Wives;
 In Wedlock he had joyn'd them one to one,

And with him in his house they led their lives,
 And made good chear; all day the house they make
 To ring with mirth, and smoke with boil'd & roast,

At night their Loyal Wives to Beds they take,

Richly set out with cov'ring of great cost.

A month he entertain'd me with delight,

Ask'd me of *Troy*, and th' *Argive* Fleet, and how
 The *Greeks* got home. And him I answer'd right

To ev'ry thing as far as I did know.

And when I left his house, he was content

To assist me friendly in my voyage back

With

With a *best*-Winde, and all Windes else he pent
 Into a tough and strong Neats-leather sack.

(For *Jove* had made him Master of the Windes,
 To hold their breath, or blow as he thought fit)
 And with a silver string the Sack he binds :
 No Winde could stir but as I order'd it.

But all this did no good, for want of wit.

Nine days we sail'd fore-right, and came so near
 To th' Coast of *Ithaca*, that we could see't

By th' light of Beacons that were fired there.
 But then with weariness I fell asleep ;

For I had ne're till now the Helm let go,
 Nor suffer'd any else my place to keep,

I long'd to see my Native Country so.
 Mean while my Fellows to discourse begin,

Thinking much gold and silver was i'th' Sack
 By *Aeolus Hippotades* put in,

Which now to *Ithaca* I carri'd back,
 And, Oh did one unto another say,

How much this man is lov'd where e're he comes!
 He brings from *Troy* a great share of the prey,
 Though we go empty-handed to our homes.

Now *Achilles* has giv'n him God knows what.

Come quickly let us while we think upon't,
And sleeping he upon the Deck lies flar,

Undo the sack, and see how much there's on't
This wretched counsel taken by the Crew,

The Budget they undid, to see my store ;
And then at once the furious Windes out flew,
And whistling, snatcht our ship away from shore.

My Fellows wept, I studi'd which was best,
To fall into the Sea and end my pain,
Or patiently to live among the rest.

I chose to live, as better of the twain,
And hoodwinkt laid me down i'th' ship. At last

We found our selves upon th' *Aolian* shore
On which th' unruly Windes our ship had cast,

Just at the place where we set forth before :
And there we landed, and short supper made :

With my Companions on the rocky shore.
I one man with me, and a Herald take,

And went up to the Porch before the door
Of th' Hall, where *Achilles* sat banqueting

Amongst his Sons and Daughters. They admir'd.

What

What Wounds, said they, did you now hither bring?

We furnish you for what place you desir'd.

Some Devil cross you. Softly I reply'd,

Of our misfortune other cause was none

But my mens folly, who the Bag untied

The whilst I slept; you can repair what's done.

Their Father answer'd at another rate;

Hence Rascal, hated of the Gods above;

I entertain none whom the Gods do hate.

Away, I say, the Gods thee do not love.

Thus fighting we were sent away. And though

We were already tired with the Oar,

To Sea we put, and forward still we row,

Six days and nights entire, ne're giving o're.

Upon the seventh day we landed near

To Leirg-wick, the Royal Seat

Of Lums and his Race. The Herds-men there,

When from the field they bring their sheep or neat,

Hollow to those at home; then they a-field

Their Cattle drive. To one of little sleep

The site o'th' place doth double wages yield,

By tending one day Cows, another sheep.

* For it is seated just 'twixt day and night.

Into the Port we came, the which within
On each side was beset with Rocks upright,
Whereof two made it narrow coming in.
My Fellows with their ships were in the Port
Near to the City. For the Sea was still,
And not a Winde stirring of any sort.

But I kept mine without, suspecting ill,
And with a Rope had ty'd it to the Rocks.

Then up a hill I went to look about,
But could no signe espy of Man or Oxe.

Then down I came again, and straight sent out
To enquire what kinde of people lived there.

A Herald then and two men more I sent,
Who as they going on the high-way were

That from the woody hill to'th' City went,
Met with the Daughter of *Antiphates*

That was of *Lestrigonians* the King.

* *Homer knew well there could not be a Town, at one end whereof was Day, at the other Night at the same time; but had a minde to tell the Learned how much the Unlearned can believe.*

She had fetch't water from *Artacies* ;

Artacies the name was of a Spring.

They askt her of the King and of the People.

Her Fathers house she shows. They thither hie,
And finde the Queen there looking like a Steeple,

And straight abhor'd her as a Prodigie.

Then she her Husband from the Market-place

Calls home; who straight intended to dispatch 'em,
And laid his hands on one ; but in that space

The rest escap'd by flight, he could not catch 'em.
But then he raised with a mighty shout

The Town and Country, who in numbers great
Liker to Gyants then to men, came out,

And with huge stones of a mans weight they beat
My men and ships. A woful noise and wilde

I heard of dying men, and tearing planks.
When they had slain my men , they them enfil'd,
And carri'd them like Fishes hung n ranks.

While they did this, I had no other hope

To save my self, but quickly with my Sword
(My ship being ty'd to th' Rocks) to cut the rope,
And make what haste I could to get aboard.

My Crew into the ship leapt all at once,
 And row'd for life, till they got far enough
 From land, to stand in fear of throwing stones,
 And glad they had escap'd, onwards row.
 The rest, both ships and men, all perished.

Next at *Æea* Ile ashore we run,
 Where the wise Goddess *Circè* inhabited,
Ætes Sister, Daughter of the *Sea*
 And *Poseidon* Daughter of *Oceanus*.

There in a good safe Harbour quiet'y
 We rest our selves. Some God conducted us.

There full of grief two days and nights we lye.
 Soon as the Morn had shewn us the third day,

With Spear in hand, and Sword girt at my thigh,
 Up to a Mountains top I took my way,

Some word of man to hear, or work to spy.
 Through the thick wood I saw a smoke arise

About the place where th' house of *Circè* stood
 Then with myself I did a while advise

What I should do. At last I thought it good
 To make my people all to dine, and then

Safely with company to go or send.

So back I came unto my ship and men.

But by the way (some God sure was my Friend)

A gallant Stag came by, whom heat and thirst

Invited had down to the Stream Divine.

At him I quickly threw my Spear, which pierc'd

Both his sides thorow, close beneath the Chine.

Down dead he falls. On's neck my foot I set,

Flurkt out the Spear, and laid it on the ground.

To make a Pope I Twigs and Rushes get,

And his four feet together fast I bound.

Within his legs I place my head, and bear

His body on my neck. 'Twas hard to rise,

Leaning with both my hands upon my Spear.

He was too great to take up otherwise.

I threw him down o'th' Shore and cheer'd my Crew.

Friends (quoth I) though our present state be bad,

Death shall not come, I hope, before 'tis due.

Come, let us eat and drink, and be not sad.

This said, they straightway from the Ship descend,

And gaze upon't, for 'twas a mighty Beast:

And when their wondering was at an end,

They wash their hands, and dress it for their rent.

And all the remnant of the day till night

We made good cheer with Wine and Ven'son store.

After the Sun had born from us his light,

We laid us down to sleep upon the shore.

But when the Rosie Morn appear'd again,

I said to all my men, who grieved were :

My Mates, although I have endur'd much pain,

I must intreat you patiently to hear.

We know not where is *West* nor *East*, nor where

The Sun does rise or set, nor where we be.

To me does little hope as yet appear :

And therefore we must go abroad and see.

In a low Island, rising through the Trees,

I saw a smoke when I stood on the hill.

Though I had utter'd no more words but these,

They heard them with a very evil will.

Of *Cyclops* and *Antiphates* they speak

That had devour'd their Fellows formerly :

And ready were their hearts with grief to break.

They weep and whine, but without remedy.

Of my Companions then two Bands I make ;

Of one *Eurylochus* had the Command,

The charge o'th' other to my self I take .

And two and twenty men were in each Band.

Who should go first abroad, and who should stay,

We were content should be by Lot defin'd.

To go, fell to *Eurylochus*. Away

They weeping went, we weeping stay'd behinde.

Down in a Dale they *Circe's* Palace found

Built of square stone. The place was full of shade.
Lyons and Wolves about it lay o'th' ground,

Whom *Circe* tame with Magick Arts had made :
These flew not at my men, but laid their Noses
Upon them lovingly, and wag'd their tails
As Dogs salute their Masters. *Circe's* Doses

So much above their Natures fierce prevails.
Eurylochus i'th' door stood with his Band.

The Goddess *Circe* busie was within ;
For she a wondrous fine work had in hand,

Past art of man, and sung as she did spin.
Then did *Polixus*, whom I lov'd most dear

Of all my Crew, speak out unto them all :
My friends, quoth he, somebody liageth there,
A Goddess or a Woman. Let us call.

This said, they call, and she sets ope the gate,

Bids them come in. Fools as they were, they enter
All but *Eurylochus*. Without he sate

Suspecting somewhat, therefore durst not venture.

She places them, and sets before them food,

Cheefecakes of Cheese, and Honey, flour and wine ;

But had mixt something with it not so good

Of wondrous Vertue with an ill designe.

For with a Wand, as soon as they had din'd,

She drove them to the styes, and there them pent:
For body, head, hair, voice, all but the minde,

Right Swine they were, and grunted as they went.

There to them threw she Acorns, Crabs and Bran,

The things wherewith Swine commonly are fed.

Eurylochus stay'd long, but not a man

Came out to let him know how they had sped.

Then back he comes : at first he could not speak,

Though he endeavoured ; he grieved so,

The sighs and sobs his words did often break,

Till urg'd by us that long'd the truth to know.

At last he said, Renown'd *Ulysses*, we

Passing the woods as we commanded were,

In a dark Vale a stately Palace see ;

A Goddess, or a Woman, dwelleth there.

We call'd, and straight she opening the gate,

Bids us come in. They ill advised enter

All but my self. Alone without I fate,

Suspecting fraud, and durst no further venture.

Lost they are all : for if they could, I know

Some of them would have come and brought me
For I stay'd long enough. This said, my Bow ^{(word,}

I took, and at my side my trusty Sword,

And bad him guide me back the self-same way.

Then fell he at my feet on both his knees,

And weeping me intreats to let him stay ;

Your life, quoth he, amongst the rest you'll lose.

To this I said, *Eurylochus*, stay you

Here at the ship (since you are frighted so)

Eating and drinking with the rest o' th' Crew ;

Necessity compelleth me to go.

This said, I went along the shore, till I

Was at the entrance of the Valley, where

The house of *Circe* stood. Then *Mercury*

Encountred me. In form he did appear

Of a fair youth, whose Beard but now began
 In a soft Down to peep above his face,
 Which is the prime of beauty in a man.

Alas, said he, what make you in this place
 'Mongst trees and shrubs? For I can tell you this,

Your Mates at *Circe's* house are lodg'd in styes,
 They now are Swine; you'l of your purpose miss.

You cannot set them free though you be wise,
 But rather you will with them lye. But well,

I'll give you such an Antidote as you
 Need not to be afraid of any Spell;

And will besides, her purpose to you shew.
 To make you drink she'll temper you a Cup,

Which shall not (for the Antidote) bewitch you;
 And when she sees that you have drunk it up,

With her long Wand she presently will switch you.
 Then to her with your naked Sword in hand,

As if you purpos'd to cut off her head.
 Then she will shriek, and weep, and trembling stand,

And buy her life with proffer of her bed.

You must not then refuse the Goddess love,

If you intend your Fellows to restore:

Yet ma'c her swear by all the Gods above

She never will attempt to hurt you more.

Then gave he me the herb. The Flow'r was white,

The Root was black ; the Gods do call it *Moly*,

And gather it, who have no stint of might.

For men to think to finde it is a folly.

Then *Hermes* parting mounted to the Sky,

And I to *Circe's* house went on my way,

And musing stood a while, but by and by

I call'd, and she came forth without delay,

And calls me in. I enter with sad heart ;

There in a glorious Chair she made me sit

Studded with silver-Nails, and carv'd with Art ;

Then puts a low Stool to it for my feet,

And brought the Potion in a Golden Cup,

Which she had temper'd to her bad designe.

And soon as ever I had drunk it up

She switch'd and bad me go lye with the Swine.

Then start I up with my drawn Sword, and make

As if I purpos'd to cut off her head.,

Then did she shriek most fearfully and quake,

And weeping to me these words uttered :

Who,

Who, whence are you ? what is your Fathers name ?

That this drink worketh not, is very strange.

If any else but tasted had the same,

He soon had of his figure found a change.

But you a stubborn heart have in your breast.

Are you *Ulysses*, that should hither come,
As *Hermes* told me oft, and be my Guest,

When from the *Trojan* shore he sailed home ?

Put up your Sword ; and that we may confide

In one another better without dread,

Let's to my Chamber go, and side by side

Compose the things we differ in a-bed.

Circe (said I) Oh how can I be kinde,

When you to Swine my Fellows turned have ?

And now you have me here, 'tis in your minde

To make me tame, and keep me for a slave.

I'll not come near your Bed, unless before

You take an Oath by all the Gods above

You'll never go about to hurt me more.

This said, she swore, and I gave way to love.

On *Circe* Waiting-women four attended

To do the service of the house, and were

From

From sacred Rivers, Springs and Groves descended ;

Each had her proper work assigned her.

One does the Chairs with coverings array ;

Another does the Silver Tables spread,

And on each one of them a Basket lay

Of Gold, and into it she puts the bread.

The third does in a Silver Flagon mix

The Wine and Water in a Silver Pot :

The fourth to make a fire brings in the sticks,

And for a Bath makes ready water hot.

Circe her self the water tempered

Into a just and comfortable heat,

And pour'd it on my shoulders and my head,

Washing my limbs, till I my toil forget.

And when I bathed and anointed was,

She put upon me a fair Coat and Vest,

And led me in, into the dining place,

And to my Chair and Table me address.

One Maid a golden Eason, with the Ew'r,

To wash our hands over a Cauldron brings .

The Cauldron also was of Silver pure.

Another loads the Table with good things :

Another

Another on the Table sets on bread,

And then the Goddess *Circe* bids me eat.

But other dangers running in my head,

I had but little stomach to my meat.

Which she observing said, *Ulysses*, why

Do you thus sullenly your meat refuse,

And like a dumb man sit ? D'ye think that I

Intend against you some new Art to use ?

Have I not sworn ? To which I answered,

Oh *Circe*, how can I be pleas'd d'ye think

(When you my Fellows keep disfigured

And pounded up in Hog styes) t' eat and drink ?

If you mean well, set them at liberty,

And in the shape of men before my eyes,

That I may look on them, and they on me.

With Switch in hand then out of doors she hies

And opens all the Prisons ; out they come,

And were to look to Pigs of nine years old.

She drives them with her Wand into the room,

And makes them stand there while I them behold.

Then *Circe* went amongst them, and each one

Smear'd with an unguent which straightway did make

Their

Their ha'r fall off, and undid all was done ;
 And presently a humane shape they take,
 Greater and fairer then they had before.

They knew me all, my hand with theirs they prest.
 So glad they were, their eyes for joy ran o're.

The whole house wept, and *Circe* with the rest.
 This past, the Goddeſs ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, go

And bring your ſhip a-land, and let her lye ;
 Your goods within the rocky Caves beſtow,
 And make haſte back with all your company.

This pleas'd me well. Down to the Sea I hie

Where my Companions I weeping finde ;
 But ſoon as I appear'd they preſently

About me came, their care now out of minde.
 As when from Paſtures fat a Herd of Cows

Well fed return at evening to their home,
 Their Calves will not be kept within the houſe,
 But play, and ſkip, and round about them come :

So did my Fellows ſoon as they me ſaw

Come ſkipping out o'th' ſhip, with no leſs joy
 Then if they had been come to *Ithaca*

Their Native Country from the Town of *Troy*.

Our

Our joy (said they) *Ulysses* cannot be
 Greater when we at *Ithaca* arrive,
 Which we so wish for; then 'tis now to see
 That you from *Circe* are return'd alive.

But tell us, pray, how dy'd our Fellow there.

But first (said I) hale up your Ship to Land,
 And in the Rocks hide all that's loose in her,
 And come with me to *Circe* our hand.

There shall you see your Fellows how they live
 In want of nothing that they can devise.

To these my words my Fellows credit give ;

Emysiodors alone thought otherwise.

Wretches (said he) what mean you ? will you go ?

Have you a longing to be Lyons tame,
 Or Swine, or Wolves, and being transformed so,
 To live at *Circe's* house, and guard the same ?
 Remember *Cyclops*, and how all they sped

That dar'd to put themselves within his Cave,
 By too much valour of *Ulysses* led.

Bethink you well how you your selves may save.
 When I said that, I drew my Sword, and meant,
 Although he were my Kinsman very nigh,

T'have

T'have made his head fly. But of that intent

I was made frustrate by the Company
That interposing spake me fair, and said,

Let him stay here, but we'll go ev'ry man,
While he looks to the ship, since he's afraid.

Thus having said, to march they straight began :
Nor staid *Eurylochus* behinde , for I

Had so affrighted him he went with th' rest.
Mean while at *Circe's* house my company

Were bath'd and oyl'd, and cloath'd with Coat and
Feasting we found them in a stately Hall. (Vest.

But when we saw them, and heard ev'ry thing
That had befall'n them, suddenly we all

Wept out so loud, as made the house to ring.
Then *Circe* said, *Ulysses* why d'ye weep ?

I know your sufferings both at Land by men,
And what you have endured on the Deep.

Drink wine, eat meat, and merry be agen.
Recruit your hearts with courage, till they be

As strong as when from home you first set out ;
Put all your danger out of memory,

Nor trouble more your wear'd minds with doubt.

These

These words of *Circe* did our spirits cheer,
 And made us willingly fall to our meat.
 Both then and ev'ry day throughout the year
 In *Circe's* house we freely drink and eat.
 But when the season was come round about,
 And months and days of th' year had made an end,
 Then my impatient Fellows call'd me out,
 And said, Strange man, do you no more intend
 To see your Country *Ithaca*? Shall we
 For ever stay with *Circe* here? Have Fates
 Decreed that you your house no more should see,
 But perish here together with your Mates?
 This my Companions said, and said but right.
 Then what remained of the day we spent
 Eating and drinking merrily. At night
 They to their own beds, I to *Circe's* went;
 Where prostrate at her knees, I press her hard
 To keep her word, and let me go my way;
 My minde, said I, is going thitherward
 Now, and my Fellows ask me why I stay.
 Renown'd *Ulysses* (answer'd *Circe*) here
 Against your will with me you shall not stay.

But e're you go unto your Country dear,

You must a Voyage make another way.

You must to th' house of *Hades* first repair :

For with *Tiresias* the Prophet blinde

You must consult concerning your affair :

He knows what course the Fates have you design'd.

Though blinde his eye, yet is his judgment clear.

For why, *Proserpina* to him alone

Hath granted to peruse Fates Register,

And know the History of things not done.

The Ghosts to him stand up when he goes by.

At this my heart was ready ev'n to break,

And in the bed long time I weeping lye,

And turn'd, and wish'd for death. At last I speak :

Circe (said I) who shall me thither guide ?

Never man yet to Heil went in a ship.

Then to me *Circe* presently reply'd ;

Ulysses, let not that thought break your sleep.

You need but set your Mast up, hoise your sail,

And then sit still ; you shall not want a Winde :

For *Boreas* to waft you will not fail.

When you are come to th' Oceans end, you'll finde

The woody shore and Grove of *Proserpine*.

There the tall Poplar, and soft Willow grows ;
And there it is your Bark you must put in.

Then go along the shore to *Pleas*'s house,
And you shall see where into *Acheron*

Corymbus falls, which is a branch of *Styx*,
And with it also *Pyriphlegeton*,

And a great Rock where the two Rivers mix.
Close by that place make with your Sword a Pit

A Cubit wide, and round about it pour
Wine mixt with honey, and pure Wine after it ;
Then water pure, and over all throw Flour.

Such is the drink that's offer'd to the dead.

And further to them you must make a Vow,
That when you be at home, and out of dread,
You'll gratifie them with a Barren Cow.

But to *Tiresias* you must alone

Promise at your return to Kill a Ewe
All over black. The Ceremonies done

Which to the dead by common law are due,
Then of the Ram and Ewe let out the blood
Into the pit ; their head to Bell ward place,

And

And turn your back, and so go tow'rd the Flood.

Then shall you see the Ghosts come out apace.

Did your companions mean while to slay

The slaughter'd Sheep. To *Pluto* must you, and
To his Queen *Proserpine* your prayers say,

Then sit down at the pit with Sword in hand.

Let none come neer the blood until you see

Tiresias the *Theban* Prophet come.

'Twill not be long before he with you be ;

He'll tell you all the ways to bring you home:

This said, *Aurora* had the light display'd,

And *Circé* cloath'd me with a coat and vest,

And with a pure white robe her self array'd,

With a gold-girdle girt beneath her breast ;

And put upon her head her vail. Then I

Went through the house to make my fellows rise,
And gently said unto them severally,

Let's go ; for *Circé* now doth so advise.

And well content they were. But safe away

I could not bring them all. For there was one
Elpenor, neither forward in a Fray,

Nor yet of very much discretion ;

Heated with Wine o're night, himself to cool,
 Up to the houles top he went to sleep ;
 But wak'd with noise the rest made, like a Fool
 Ne're thought of coming down the stairs sleep
 Backward ; and so to th' earth he headlong fell,
 And broke his Neck-bone, & lay dead o'th' ground.
 And his soul leaving him, went down to hell.

The rest came forth, and stood about me round.
 To these I said, You think without delay

That we to *Ithaca* are going now ;
 But *Circe* bids us go another way,

Of old *Tiresias* the minde to know,
 The *Troiaz* Prophet, who is now in Hell.

This broke the very heart-strings of my Mates ;
 They sob and tear their hair, but cannot tell

How to avoid what's once decreed by th' Fates.
 Then to our ship we weeping went. Mean space

Circe a Ram and black Ewe there had ty'd
 Unseen to us, we found them on the place.

For Gods, but when they list, cannot be spy'd.
 When we were come unto the Sea-side, where L. 11.

Our ship lay, which we steer'd into the deep ;

We

We rear our Mast, pull up our Sails, and bear
 Aboard with us one Male, one Female sheep.
 And so for Hell we flood, with fears in minde,
 And tears in eye. But the fair *Circe* sent
 To bear us company, a good fore-winde
 That kept our Sails full all the way we went.
 To Windes and Steerage we our way commend,
 And careles sit from morning till 'twas dark ;
 Then found our selves at th' Oceans farthest end,
 Where up to Land the winde had forc'd our Bark.
 Here dwelt the *Cimbers* hid in Clouds and Mist,
 Whom thou, O *Phœbus*, with thy golden Eye,
 Nor coming from the Sky to Earth e're seest,
 Nor when from Earth thou mountest to the Sky ;
 But live, poor men, under a horrid night.
 Here seek we for the place of which the wise
Circe had told us, and soon on it light,
 And thither fetcht the sheep for sacrifice.
 Then with my Sword i'th' ground I dig'd a Pit,
 And round about it Wine with Honey pour ;
 And round again pure Wine pour after it,
 Then Water pure. O're all I sprinkle Flour :

And vowed to those feeble folk, to kill

As soon as I to *Ithaca* should come

A barren Heifer, and the Altar fill

With many more good things I had at home.

And promis'd to *The Fates* alone:

A fat black Ewe, the best in all my Coats.

When I my Vows and pray'rs had ritely done,

Of both the Victims straight I cut the throats.

Their reaking blood stream'd down into the Pit ;

Out come the Ghosts, Maids, Youth, decrepit Age,

And tender Virgins, they all sented it ;

And Warriors clad in goary Arms, all rage,

And rushing out of Hell, with hideous cry,

About the blood bustling they go and turn,

Which not a little frightened me. Then I

Bad flay the Victims, and their bodies burn,

And say their pray'rs to *Pluto* and his Queen.

With Sword in hand I sat on the Pits brink,
Resolv'd till I *Tiresias* had seen,

That not a Ghost a drop of blood should drink.

First came my Souldier *Eipenor's* Spirit,

Which left the body just when we set sail,

So that we had no leifure to inter it.

His heavy fate I did with tears bewail.

How now (quoth I) *Elpenor* ? art thou here

Already ? could'st thou me so much out-strip ?
I first came forth, and left thee in the Rear.

Hast thou on foot out-gone my good black ship ?

Then said *Elpenor*, Issue of *Jove*, Divine

Ulysses, I had come along w'th' Bark,

But that the Devil and excess of Wine

Made me to fall, and break my neck, i'th' dark.

I went to bed late by a Ladder steep ;

At top o'th' house the Room was where I lay :

Wak't at the noise of parting, half asleep

Headlong I hither came, the nearest way.

Now I adjure you by your Father, and

Your Wife, and Son, and all his Seed to come

(For I assured am that you will land

Where *Circe* dwells before your going home)

To see I have the Rites due to the dead.

Fear th' anger of the Gods above, and burn

My body with my arms, from foot to head,

And cast on Earth to cover o're my Urn.

This done, for men hereafter sailing by,

Raise me a little Tomb of Earth by th' shore,
That they may eas'ly see where 'tis I live.

Lastly, upon it upright plant my Oar.

All this (quoth I) I'll do upon my word.

Thus we discours'd amongst the shades. He stood
While I continu'd with my naked Sword

To keep the Sprights from tasting of the blood.

Then came *Anticlia* my Mothers Ghost.

Alive I left her when to *Troy* I sail'd
To fight against it in the *Argive* Host.

Now seeing her, exceedingly I wail'd.

And though I grieved were to keep away

My Mother from the loved blood; yet still
In the same posture patiently I stay,

Till I might know *Tiresias* his will.

Then came the Soul of old *Tiresias*,

And of the Gilded-Staff he had in's hand.

Poor man (quoth he) perceiving what I was,

What brought thee hither to this ugly Land?
Stand back a while, and take your Sword away,

That I may drink, and the Unerring Word

Of Fate deliver to you. I obey,

Retire, and up I put my trusty Sword.

Then said the good old Prophet, You are come,

Honor'd *Ulysses*, to inquire of me,

What the Gods say about your going home.

I tell you true, 'twill not be easily.

I think you'll not escape at Sea unseen

Of angry *Neptune*, who I do not doubt

Will do his worst, and make you feel his spleen,

For *Polyphemus* eye which you put out.

Yet for all that, you may to *Ithaca*

Safely return, if you can but command

Your passion when in th' Isle *Thrinacia*,

An Island lying in your way you land.

There feed the Kine of the all-seeing Sun,

And Flocks of goodly Sheep. Hurt none of these,

Then shall your ship her course with safety run

At length to *Ithaca*, though not with ease.

But if you touch them, I denounce a wrack

To your good ship, and death to all your Crew.

And though your self may happen to come back

At last, and this unhappy Fate eschew ;

'Twill be alone, and in a ship not yours ;
 Besides that, when you are returned home
 You'll be in danger of your Mothes Wooers,
 Who for your Wives and Meats sake thither come.
 But you will be reveng'd of these ; and when
 You shall have made away these Woocrs, go
 With Oar on shoulder, to a Land where men
 Inhabit, that the briny Sea not know,
 Nor ever mingle salt with what they eat,
 Nor ever saw the ship with crimson face,
 Nor yet those wings which do the water beat
 (Call'd Oars) to make your good ship go apace.
 Now mark me well, when thou shalt meet a man
 Just at the end of *Neptunes* utmost bound,
 Bearing upon his shoulder a Corn-fan,
 Stick down thy lusty Oar upon the ground ;
 There sacrifice to the Worlds Admiral,
 For new admittance, a Ram, Boar, and Bull ;
 Then home again, and offer unto all
 The Gods by name an hundred Oxen full.
 Your death will not ungentle be, for which
 Age shall prepare you, and your soul unglew

Insensibly. Your people shall be rich

Which round about you dwell. All this is true.

Tiresias (quoth I) when he had done,

'Tis well. My Mother yonder I espie

Amongst the shades ; she knoweth not her Son ;

What shall I do to make her know 'tis I ?

That (quoth he) I can tell you easily.

What soul soever you admit to drink,

To what you ask will make a true reply ;

Those you put back, back into Hell will sink.

The Prophet having thus my fate foretold,

Into the house of *Pluto* back retir'd.

I o're the bloud my former posture hold,

But let my Mother drink as she desir'd.

She knew me then, and wept. My Son, said she,

How came you to this place of ours so dark ?

Th' Ocean and so many Gulphs there be

'Twixt you and us, that but with a good Bark

No living man can pass. Come you but now

From *Troy*, and all this while have wandring been

You and your Company ? You have, I trow,

Your Wife *Penelope* by this time seen.

Mother

Mother (said I) the cause I came this way
Was to ask counsel of *Tiresias*.

Since I with *Agamemnon* went to *Troy*,
In *Ithaca* or *Greece* I never was.

But Mother, tell me pray you, how came you
Unto this place ? was it by sickness long ?

Or did *Diana* with a death undue

Send you down hither to this feeble throng ?
And tell me if my Father and my Son

Remain as formerly in their estate ;
Or that some Prince of *Greece* my Wife have won,
Supposing me now cast away by Fate.

Tell me besides, whether *Penelope*

Remain at home together with my Son,
Assisting him to Rule my Family ;
Or whether she be married, and gone.

Your Wife (said she) does still continue there ;

For your long absence weepeth days and nights.
Your Son still holds his own, and makes good cheer ;
Oft he invited is, and oft invites.

Your Father from his Vineyard never budes ;
Rich Coverlets and Bedding he refuses ;

Ne'er comes toth' Town; in Winter with his Drudges

To lay him down and sleep by th' fire he uses.

In vile array in Summer-time he creeps,

Till Vintage pass, about his Fruit-trees round,
And visits them each one; at night he sleeps

On Bed of heaped leaves upon the ground.

Thus lyes he griev'd and pining with the thought

Of your sad fate, afflicted too with age.

The like sad thoughts me also hither brought.

I neither died by *Diana's* rage,
Nor any long consuming Malady;

But very woe, thinking that you were dead,
My Noble dear *Ulysses*, made me die;

My Soul thus hither from my body fled.
When she had spoken, I would very fain

Have ta'en her in mine arms; three times I grasp'd
At the beloved Shadow, but in vain.

Mine arms I closed, but did nothing clasp.
Sore griev'd herewith, I said unto my Mother,

I am your Son, why do you fly me so?
Why may we not embracing one another,

Although in Hell, give ease unto our woe?

Hath *Proserpine*, my sorrows to augment,
 Sent me a Phantome in my Mothers stead ?
 Oh no (quoth she) my Son, sh'ad no intent
 T' abuse you. 'Tis the nature of the Dead.
 We are no longer Sinews, Flesh and Bones ;
 We are Substances Incorporeal.
 All that's consum'd i'th' Fun'ral fire : when once
 That's done, it in it self stands seveal ;
 Flies like a Dream. No, go your ways to th' light,
 And tell all I have told you to your Wife,
 That she may know in this perpetual night
 The Dead enjoy an everlasting life.
 When we had thus discours't, the Ladies came
 Sent out by *Proserpine* to taste the bloud ;
 Daughters and Wives to Princes of great Fame,
 And round about me at the Pit they stood.
 But I to know each one that came to drink,
 Studi'd a while ; then thought this counsel best,
 With Sword in hand t' abide upon the brink,
 Whilst one was drinking to keep off the rest.
 There was not one but I enquir'd her name
 And Pedigree. All told me who they were.

And first of all the well-born *Tyro* came,
 Who said *Salmonens* was her Ancestor,
 And that of *Cretheus* she had been the Wife,
 And on *Enipeus* had enamour'd been
 Once on a time whilst she remain'd in life,
 On *Enipeus* fair'st stream that e're was seen.
 Upon whose Bank *Neptune* that chanc'd to spy her,
 On *Enipeus* sweet stream drew her aside,
 And at the Rivers mouth laid him down by her
 Between two Waves rais'd high, their deed to hide.
 When he Loves work had done, Thou shalt (said he)
 E're th'year be ended, bring forth Children twain,
 Who Princes both of great Renown shall be.
 I *Neptune* am ; the Gods ne're work in vain.
 See you that they be educated well
 Till they shall be at mans estate arriv'd.
 So go you home : my name you must not tell.
 This said, into the rowling Sea he div'd.
 Her time being come, she was delivered
 Of two great Boys, *Nileus* and *Pelias*,
 Who for the service of high *Jove* were bred.
 One King of *Pyle*, th'other of *Iolkas* was.

The Noble Lady *Tyro*, besides these,
 Did many other goodly Children bear .

Amatheon, and *Ason*, and *Pheres* ;

But these her Husband *Cretheus* Children were.
 Next came the Daughter of *Aëolus* (who

Through *Theban* fertil Plains and Meadows run)
Antiope of *Jove* ; she boasteth too,

That by him she conceived had two Sons ;
 Their names were *Zethus* and *Amphion*. They

The Founders were of *Thebes* ; with Walls & Towers,
 And sev'n strong Gates they fenc'd it ev'ry way
 Against Invasion from all Neighb'ring Powers.

Ambitious Wife *Alcmena* there I saw,

That lov'd by *Jove* brought *Hercules* to life,
 And the King *Cretheus* Daughter *Megara*,

That was the Mighty *Hercules* his Wife.

I saw there also the unfortunate

Mother of *Oedipus*, *Jocasta* bright,
 That blindly did a horrid act, by fate,

Which the Gods pleasure was should come to light.
 Not knowing him, she marry'd her own Son ;
 Not knowing him, he his own Father slew :

When.

When they perceived both what they had done,
 She hang'd her self ; her Furies him pursue.

Chloris I saw, whom *Neleus* did wed

For beauty, got by the Son of *Jove* ;

And with great Dowre he gain'd her to his bed ;

Her Father *Amphion* rul'd *Orchomenus*.

She Queen of *Pyle*, by *Neleus* had three Boys :

Nestor, *Chronius*, *Periclaminus* ;

And one fair Daughter to make full their joys,

Pero by name, for beauty wonderous.

The Princes round about were Suitors to her ;

But *Iphiclus* had *Neleus* Cattle ta'ne,

And *Neleus* was resolved to bestow her

On him that could his Herds fetch back again.

There was a Prophet undertook the Task ;

But ta'ne by Clowns, and into Prison pent,

For answ'ring *Iphiclus* t'all he could ask

Was freed, and did the thing he underwent.

I saw the Wife too of *Tyndareus* there,

Fair *Leda* ; she two Twins unto him bare,

Pollux good Cuffer, *Gastor* Cavalier :

Twins, and alive, though under-ground they are.

And

And have obtained of their Father *Jove*

Both to be Canonized Gods ; but so,

As he that is to day in Heav'n above,

Shall be to morrow amongst men below.

Epimetheus, Men's Wife

I saw, that did two Sons to *Neptune* bear,

Orion, and *Ephialtes* ; of short life,

The greatest, and the fair'st that ever were
Except *Orion* ; each at nine years old

Between the shoulders was nine Cubits wide,
And was in length nine Cubits four times told,

And all the Gods in Heaven terrifi'd ;

And threatned them with War, and Heav'n to storm.

They *Ossa* set upon *Olympus* high,

And *Pelion* on *Ossa* ; and so form

Against the Sky a mighty Battery :

And surely they had storm'd it had they been

At mans estate. Their Beards were not yet grown.

Apollo kill'd them with his Arrows keen,

E're on their Cheeks appeared any down.

Phaëdra and *Procris*, there I also saw,

And *Minos* Daughter *Ariadne*, whom

Theseus was bringing towards *Attica*

From *Creta* ; but he could not bring her home.

Lima killed her in *Dia* Isle

On *Barthus* quarrel. There I did behold

Mena and *Clione*, and th' Woman vile

Eryphile that her own Husband sold.

To name the Ladies all I saw, would make

My Tale to last all night. 'Tis bed-time now

Here or aboard, though not till you think fit ;

Till you think fit, and give command to row.

This said, the Company deep-silence seisd,

Delighted with the things they heard him speak.

The Queen her self *Arete* no less pleas'd,

At last resolv'd the silence thus to break.

Princes, what think you of this man so rare,

His look, his stature, and his Noble heart ?

My Guest he is, but you have all a share

In th' honour of this Visit. E're he part

Make him a Present to relieve his need.

Be liberal, have no respect to thrift ;

For you the Gods from fear of want have freed

With wealth abundant. Do not pinch your Gift.

Old

Old *Polixenus* said, The Queen says right :

We shall do well her counsel to obey :

But since in King *Alcinous* lyes the might,

'Tis better first to hear what he will say.

Then said *Alcinous*, It shall be so,

Unless I bear the name of King in vain ;

Let not the Stranger till to morrow go ;

Till we prepare our Gift he must remain.

As for his Passage we will all provide,

And chiefly I that do the Scepter bear.

To whom the wife *Mistress* thus reply'd :

Renown'd *Alcinous* that Reignest here,

Though a whole year you should command my stay,

It will not trouble me. Nay, that I'de chuse,

Since you intend to send me rich away :

For why, I'm sure I shall no honour loose

By coming richly home.' Kings that have store

Of wealth, are better commonly obey'd,

And by their Subjects are respected more,

Then those whose Treasuries and Chests are void.

There be (the King said) many that can lye ;

But there is form and sense in all you say :

Both

Both your own Fate you tell with Harmony,
And of the *Greeks* with whom you went to *Troy*.

I should be well content to sit up here

All the night long, so you would undertake
To tell me ev'ry thing that you saw there.

To him *Alysses* then did answer make :

Renowned King *Aleuans*, you know

There is a time for talk, a time for rest ;
But since you long to hear, I'll tell you now

Whom else I saw, and what Fate them oppress.
And first the saddest end of those that had

Escap'd the fury of the Enemy,

And in their Countries landed were and glad,

Were murder'd by a Womans Treachery.

The Female Ghosts scatter'd by *Phrygia*,

Some one way, some another, thither came
Atides Soul, first of the Masculine ;

And others with him, whose Fates were the same.

No sooner he the blood had tasted, but

He knew me, sorely wept, and would have cast
His arms about my Waist, but could not do't :

For now alas his strength was gone and past.

I griev'd to see him, and thus to him said :

King *Agamemnon*, what Fate brought you hither ?

Were you by *Neptune* on the Sea betray'd,

And hither sent by fury of the weather ?

Or landing to finde *Eooty*, met with Death ?

Or else besieging of some Town were slain ?

Or for fair Women were bereav'd of breath ?

Then *Agamemnon* answered me again :

Noble *Ulysses*, I lost not my life

Ey *Neptunes* fury, nor in fight at Land

For *Eooty* or for Women : but my Wife

Did basely kill me by *Achilles* hand.

At my first landing he invited me,

And slew me then when I at supper sat.

Just as a man would kill a Cow, so he

Kill'd me. There's no such woful death as that.

My Friends were butcher'd like so many Swine,

Which when within a mighty rich mans Hall

Numbers of men invited are to dine

At Wedding, or at Feast, are made to fall.

You very many men have seen to die

In ranged Battle, and in single fight ;

But never felt such pity certainly

As you had felt, had you but seen this sight,
How we 'mongst Tables on the ground did lye

That ran with blood. But my heart most did rue
To hear *Cassandra*, *Priamus* : neither y,

Whom close beside me *Clyte* : now,
Then though I were at the last gasp,

If grasping I might finde my fallen Son
But the curst woman pusht it from my side.

I dy'd ; to close mine eyes she'd not afford.
Nothing so cruel as a woman yet

Did Nature e're produce ; a thought so ill
In any other breast did never sit,

As her own loving Husbands blood to spill.
Yet this my Wife, to the Eternal shame

Of all the Sex, not only of the bad,
But ev'n of those that have no evil Fame,

Betray'd my life, and of my death was glad.
Jove meant to *Atræus* Seed (said I) great spight

By Woman-kinde. By *Hellen* first. At *Troy*
For her sake many lost their lives in fight,

And *Clytemnestra* now did you betray.

There-

Therefore (said *Agamemnon*) never trust

A woman more, although she be your own.

Tell her not all you think. Somewhat you must.

And somewhat keep t' your self, to her unknown.

But you *Ulysses* need not fear your Wife,

Icareus Daughter, fair *Penelope* ;

She loves you better then to take your life :

A Wife so wise will scorn difloyalty.

When we for *Troy* set forth together, then

She gave suck to your Son ; but he is grown

A man by this time, and takes place with men ;

Is rich, and one day shall his Father own,

And he and you at home embrace each other.

But I was not allow'd my Son to see ;

But was first murdered by his wicked Mother.

Now hear ye, If you will be rul'd by me,

Let no man know before-hand, when and where

You mean to land in *Ithaca*. Beware

Of suffering your Bark in sight t' appear.

Remember still, Women unfaithful are.

But tell me, have you nothing all this while

Heard of my Son *Orestes* ? whether he

At *Sparta* with his Uncle be, or *Pyle* :

For dead he is not, I know certainly.

Alas (said I) *Atrides*, How should I

That wand'ring was at Sea, hear any news

Whether alive or dead he be ? or why

Should I with Tales uncertain you abuse ?

Discourfing thus, and weeping, there we flood,

When great *Achilles* Soul appear'd to us ;

And with him alfo the two Spirits good

Of stout *Patroclus*, and *Antilochus*.

The Soul of *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*,

Was alfo there, who 'mongst thofe Warriours tall

The goodlieft perfon was, except the Son

Of *Peleus*, who did much excel them all.

Achilles drank , and prefently me knew,

And faid, *Ulyffes*, what brought you to Hell ?

What Plot upon the Dead you hither drew,

Where none but fhades of wretched mortals dwell

Achilles (faid I) I was forc't to come

T' inquire of th' Wizard, old *Tireffias*,

What the Fates fay about my going home,

Whether or no, and how 'twill come to pafs.

For since I came from *Troy* I have not seen
 Nor *Ithaca*, nor any *Grecian* shore :
 For toft and croft at Sea I ftill have been ;
 But you are now as well as heretofore.
 Like any God we honour'd you at *Troy*,
 And here among the Ghosts you are obey'd.
 Death hath not chang'd your ftate. You ftill enjoy
 A Regal Power. To this *Achilles* faid :
 Talk not to me of Honour here in Hell ;
 I'de rather ferve a Clown on Earth for bread,
 Then be of all things Incorporeal
 That are, or ever fhall be, Supreme Head.
 But tell me of my Son *Neoptolemus*,
 Whether he came to *Troy*, and how he fought ;
 And of my aged Father *Peleus*,
 Whether he keep his place, or be put out.
 For fince much time his vigour hath decay'd,
 Some Foe, it may be, hath ufurp't his place
 In *Pthia*, and in *Hellas* where he fway'd,
 And put him with his people in difgrace.
 But were I now above, and ftrong as then
 When for the *Greeks* I fought at *Ilium*,

And

And slew so many of their bravest men,

And to my aged Fathers house should come ;

If there I were, 'twould not be very long

Before I made some of their hearts to ake

That go about to do my Father wrong,

And would by force his Honour from him take.

When he had done, I made him answer thus :

Concerning *Peless* I can nothing say ;

But of your Son, Stout *Neoptolemus*,

I know enough ; 'twas I brought him to *Troy*

From *Scyros* Isle. In Councel always he

First spake his minde, and never spake but well.

Nestor, and I sometimes, and only we

Th' advice he gave were able to refel.

In fight he sought no shelter in the throng,

But ever out he ran before the rest,

To show his courage and his strength among

Those Foes that were in *Troy* esteem'd the best.

The names of all he slew I cannot tell ;

They are too many. But 'twas by his Sword

That Great *Eurypylus* in Battel fell,

Of all the *Trojan* Aids the goodli'st Lord,

Excepting *Memnon*. After, when we were
 Within the Wooden Horse conceal'd, and I
 The power had of ord'ring all things there,
 I never saw your Son to wipe his eye,
 Or to wax pale, as many of us did.

He ever longed to be set on land
 From out the hole in which we all lay hid ;
 And to his Hilt he often put his hand,
 And often to his Spear. And when at last
 We won and rifled had the Town of *Troy*,
 He home into his Country safely past,
 His ship well laden with his part o'th' prey.

And which is more, he came off safe and sound,

Though *Mars* each way threw deaths and wounds
 Amongst the crowd, he ne re received wound (about

Neither from them that shot, nor them that fought.
 This said, the swift *Achilles* Soul retir'd,

Strutting into the Mead of *Aphode*?,
 Proud of his Son, to hear what he desir'd.

Then other grieved Souls their stories tell.
 Only the Soul of *Ajax* stood off mute
 And sullen, because I did from him bear

Achilles

Achilles Armour in that sad Dispute,

Where *Pall.is* and the *Trojans* Judges were.

I would I had not had that Victory,

Which cost the life of him that was the most
Admir'd by all, for form and Chivalry,

Except *Achilles*, in the *Argive* Host.

I gently to him spake. *Ajax*, said I,

Forget that cursed Armour now at last ;

And since you dead are, let your anger die :

For why, the Gods determin'd had to cast
Those Arms amongst us for a punishment,

Offended with us, what e're was the matter,
And us'd them as an Engine, with intent

Our greatest Tower, which was your self, to batter.
For whom the *Argives* did lament no less

Then for *Achilles*, *Thetis* Son. Come nigh,
And hear what I can answer, and suppress

Your mighty heart a while. So ended I.
To this just nothing he reply'd, but went

Int' *Erebus* 'mongst other Shadows dim ;
Yet there, I think, he would have been content
To speak to me, if I to speak to him.

But I desired other Souls to see.

Then *Minos* there, the Son of *Jove*, I saw
With Golden Scepter, dealing Equity

To souls that stood, and sate to hear the Law.

Next after him I saw the Great *Orion* ;

A mighty Club he carried in his hand ;

And hunted the wilde Boar, and Bear, and Lyon,

Which when he lived he had kill'd on Land.

There also saw I *Titius*. He lay

Upon his back, stretch't out full acres nine.

He the fair *Leda* had upon the way

To *Pytho* injur'd ; *Leda*, *Joves* Concubine.

Two Vultures on his breast, on each side one

Sate dipping of their Beaks into his Liver.

He stirreth not, but lets them still alone ;

And thus devouring it, they stay for ever.

And *Tantalus* I saw up to the Chin

In water clear, and longing sore to drink ;

But as he bow'd himself to take it in,

Some Devil always made the water sink.

Close o're his head hung pleasant Fruit, and ripe

Pears and Pomegranats, Olives, Apples, Figs ;

Which

Which ever when he ready was to gripe,

A sudden winde still whist away the Twigs.

And *Sisyphus* I saw, who 'gainst the Hill

With hands and feet a heavy stone doth roll ;

But when unto the top he brings it, still

The naughty stone falls back into the hole.

Then to't he goes afresh, with no less pain

He heaves and sweats, and dusty is all o're ;

And when 'tis up, he labour'd has in vain,

For still it serves him as it did before.

Then *Hercules* I saw, I mean his Spright,

For he is with th' Immortal Gods above,

And taken has to Wife *Hebe* the bright,

Daughter of *Juno*, and of mighty *Jove*.

The Dead about him made a fearful cry,

Like frightened Fowl. A Golden Belt he wore

With wilde Beasts wrought, & Slaughters cunningly,

The like shall never be, nor was before.

He saw, and knew me presently, and spake ;

Renown'd *Ulysses*, why left you the light ?

Alas, were you constrain'd to undertake

This Task, as I was, by a meaner Wight ?

Who, though *Jove's* Son I was, did me constrain
Full many other labours t' undergo.

But he thought this would put me to most pain,
Th' Infernal Dog upon the Earth to show.

I did it though, and drag'd him up to th' light,
By *Mercury's*, and by *Athenas* aid.

Having thus said, he vanisht out of sight

'Mongst other Phantomes. But I still there staid,
Hoping more Hero's of th' old time to see ;

And more had surely seen of Heav'nly Race,
Jove's, *Pirithous*, whom t'had pleased me,

If longer I had dar'd to keep my place:

For then, from out of Hell, with hideous cry,

Thousands of Souls about me gathered,
And frighted me ; but most afraid was I,

Lest *Proserpine* should send out *Gorgons* Head.

Then went I to my Ship and Company,

And for a while our Oars at Sea we ply'd :

But after we were on the Main, then we

A fair Gale had, and past the Ocean wide.

Thence over th' Ocean back we come away,

And at the Isle *Aea* we arrive.

L. 12.

There

There are the Bowers of *Aurora* gay ;

There 'tis that *Phæbus* doth the day revive :
And there we disembark upon the Sand,

And having slept a while, attend the day.

When day was come, my Fellows I command
To fetch *Elpenors* body dead away.

With wood from off a Promontory near,

Weeping, his body we to ashes burn

Together with his Arms, and th' ear h we rear

(To be a Monument) upon his Urn ;

And on the same we fix his Oar upright.

These Ceremonies done, came the divine
Circe, that knew we landed were that night.

Her Maids brought to us bread, and meat, and wine.
And standing in the midst, Poor men (said she)

That come from Hell, and thither must again ;
Twice-mortals, take your food, and merry be

With flesh and lusty wine, forget your pain.

To morrow you shall sail again, and I

Will to you all your dangers open lay,
Lest you by some malicious subtilty,

By Land or Sea, should perish by the way.

This pleas'd us well, and all day long we sate
 Eating and drinking Wine, until 'twas dark,
 And somewhat e're we saw it evening late,
 My Mates lay down to sleep beside the Bark.

Then *Circe* led me by the hand aside,
 And askt me all that I had seen in Hell ;
 Nor any thing at all from her I hide.

'Tis well, said she. Now hear what I you tell:
 First you must pass the *Sirens*, who invite
 All Passengers that sail before the place
 To land. But whosoever lands, that night
 Of's Wife and Children ne're more sees the face.
 These *Sirens* in a Meadow sit and sing,

Where dead mens bones in heaps about them lye
 Rotting, and rivel'd skins lye scattering.

Pass on, and their enchanting Musick fly.
 Command your Mates to tye you to the Mast ;
 And that if you make signes to be set free,
 They heed you not, but binde you still more fast,
 That you alone may hear their melody.

Dam up your Fellows ears with chased Wax.
 When you are gotten out of hearing quite,

And

And have the *Sirens* far off at your backs,
 Another danger soon will come in sight.
 Two ways there are ; but which of them to take
 I'll not advise you, both of them are naught.
 Your self upon the place your judgment make,
 Of which I'll give you only a short draught.
 Two Rocks there be that with inclining brow
 Hang o're the Sea, which roaring runs between ;
 By th' name of Wanderers the Gods them know,
 Because in changed posture they are seen.
 Whereof the one does to such height ascend,
 That never any Birds that way take wing,
 Nor fearful Doves when they to Heaven tend,
Ambrosia to th' Immortal Gods to bring.
 One of these Rocks doth vanish now and then,
 But *Jove* still sets another in its stead.
 This way ne'er ship did safely carry men,
 But dash'd was 'gainst the Rocks, and perished.

Scylla and Charybdis are not in the Straights between Italy and Sicily, as the Roman Poets make them, but in the passage from Propontis to the Euxine ; for the Argonauts passed by them, whose way lay far from Sicily.

The good ship *Argo* only pass'd that way
 To and from *Colchos* safely ; yet that too
 Had perish'd, but that *Juno* did convey
 The same (for love she bare to *Jason*) through.
 The other rock unmov'd, with pointed head,
 Pierceth the Clouds, and reaches to the Sky
 In Winter, and in Summer's covered,
 And wrapped up in Mists perpetually.
 Nor could a mortal man climb up unto't,
 Although he were indu'd with twenty hands,
 And with as many nimble feet to boot,
 So smooth it is, and so upright it stands.
 I'th' midst o'th' Rock you'll see a Cavern dark
 That looketh Westward. That way you must row.
 The mouth o'th' Cave is more above your Bark
 Than th' youngest man can shoot to with a Bow.
 There 'tis that *Sylla* dwells and barks : her voice
 Like to a Lyons Whelps voice is ; but she
 A mighty Monster is ; 'twould not rejoyce
 A God, much less a man her shape to see.
 Twelve feet she has in all, and ugly ones.
 Six huge long necks ; and to each neck a head.

And

And in each head for teeth sh^has rows of bones,

And every row of them envenomed.

Half of her body in the Cave she hides ;

But all her Heads she putteth out, and watches
For Dog-fish, Dolphins, and what Fish besides
The Sea affords, and Whales she sometimes catches.

Ne're did bold Sailer boast that pass'd that way,

That he had scaped safely by her Den ;
Or that a mouth of hers did want its prey,

But from him snatch'd away some of his men.
The Rock that's opposite is not so high,

But there the passage is exceeding narrow.
For you, *Ulysses*, if you please to try,

From side to side can eas'ly shoot an Arrow.
Out of this Rock grows a great Sycamore,

Under the which *Charybdis* hidden lyes,
And suddenly the water does devour,

And suddenly again she makes it rise.
Thrice in a day the water rises high,

And thrice a day again the same doth fall.
But when it falls, take heed you be not nigh ;

Keep *Sylla*-side ; better looke fix then all.

When

When she had made an end : Goddess, said I,
 Tell me I pray you when I have got free
 From th' evil which *Charybdis* means me, why
 On *Scylla* I may not avenged be.

Fie, fie, quoth she, are you at fighting still ?

Dare you against the Gods oppose your might ?
 For *Scylla* is an everlasting ill.

Row on apace, and save your selves by flight.
 'Gainst such a Monster remedy there's none,
 But row as fast as e're you can away.

For if you stay to put your Armour on,
 She'll stoop again, and take another prey.

Row swiftly on, and to *Crata's* cry,
 That in her Belly the foul Monster bore,
 And she will keep her in as you go by,
 That she shall not assault you any more.

Next at *Tbrinacia*-Isle you shall arrive,
 Where feed the Suns broad-horned Kine & sheep.
 Sev'n Herds there be, in each one ten times five,
 As many Flocks, which *Sol's* two Daughters keep,
Phaësa and *Lamætio* Divine ;

Meleus was *Neera* that did bear

And bring them up, and to them did assigne
The keeping of their Fathers Cattle there.

These if you suffer quietly to feed,

You shall get home again, though with some pain;
But if you hurt them, know it is decreed

Your ship and men shall perish in the Main.
And though your self you save, your ship you'll loose,
And Mates, and in your passage finde delay.

This said, the Rosie-finger'd morning rose,

And *Circe* up the Island went her way.

But I went to my Ship, and call'd my Crew

To come aboard. Aboard they quickly come,
And sitting each man in his order due,

With stroak of Oars they make the grey Sea foam.
The Goddess *Circe* also was so kinde,

As when we were gone off, and sails had spread,
To fill them with a favourable winde.

So fate we while the Steers-man governed.
Then to my Mates with heavy heart I spake :

Not one or two of you alone must hear
What *Circe* said, but all, that you may take

Your own advice, since 'tis a common fear.

You must not hear the *Sirens* melody,

But row with all your might till we be past.

To me alone she gives that liberty,

But so as first you binde me to the Mast.

Binde me you must upright both hand and foot,

And so as I may not the knot unkait :

And if I wink upon you to undo't,

Then take more Cord and binde me faster yet.

Whilst I my Fellows thus informing flood,

The Island of the *Sirens* came in sight :

For nimble was our ship, and the winde good;

But suddenly we were becalmed quite.

Some *Demon* sure had laid the Waves asleep.

Then took we in our Sails, and laid them by,

And with our Oars in hand provokt the Deep,

And in a milky path we forward ply.

Then from a Ball of Wax I pinch a bit,

Chafe it, and into th' ears of one it put ;

And so to all in order as they sit.

Which soon was done, the weather being hot.

Then freight they rise and binde me to the Mast

At th' arms and feet : the knot behinde they tye ;

And

And then upon their seats themselves they plac'd,
 And row'd till to the Island we were nigh.
 When to the Island we were come so nigh,
 As that a man that hollows may be heard,
 The *Sirens* knowing when we should come by,
 Had tun'd themselves, and had their Song prepar'd.
 Come, come, much prais'd *Ulysses*, come away,
 The brightest glory of the *Greeks* come near :
 No mortal man did ever come this way,
 That did not to our Musick lend an ear.
 Delight they found, and wisdom carried hence.
 Stay, stay your good black ship, forbear a while
 To beat the Sea ; please and inform your sense.
 Come, disembark your selves upon our Isle.
 We know what feats of Arms were done at *Troy*.
 Between the *Greeks* and *Trojans* all along.
 We know what's done on th' whole earth every day.
 Come, come a-land, and listen to our Song.
 And this they sung with so much harmony
 And sweetness in their voices, that I fain
 Would have recovered my liberty,
 And to them winkt, to be set loose again.

But 'twould not be. My Mates regard my words,
 And not my winks, and sit still at the Oar.
Emulous and *Perseus* bring Cords,
 And binde me harder then they did before.
 When we had left the *Sirens* at our backs
 So far as not to hear them any more,
 My Fellows from their Ears pull out the Wax,
 And me unto my liberty restore.
 We had not sailed far, when there appear'd
 An angry Sea before us all in smoke ;
 And thumping of the mighty Waves, we heard
 Upon the stubborn Rocks at every stroke.
 Besides, the Sea so mighty loud did roar,
 As with one dismal Hum it fill'd the Ear,
 And made my Mates each one let fall his Oar,
 So much their senses were benum'd with fear.
 Still stood the Bark. Then I among them go
 With gentle words, new courage to convey
 Into their failing hearts, to make them row ;
 And passing by, to every one I say :
 My Friends, we all have many dangers past,
 And greater much then what we now do fear.

Remember how from *Polyphemus* vast

By my good conduct we deliver'd were.

I do not doubt but you remember it.

My counsel therefore also now obey.

Row close along the shore, the Gods may yet

Deliver us, but by no other way.

But you that have the guiding of the ship,

Steers-man, to you I speak, mark what I say,

Steer her without the smoke ; for if she slip

Aside, though little, we are cast away.

This said, my Fellows speedily obey'd.

Of th' Monster *Scylla* not a word I told ;

Lest they should throw away their Oars, dismay'd,

And for their shelter run into the Hold.

But *Circe's* counsel I had quite forgot.

I arm'd my self, and took into my hand

Two Spears, though she expressly had said not ;

And looking upwards, at the head I stand.

But she appeared not. I look'd so high

And long upon the hideous Rock, my sight

Began to fail, and now we were close by

That dismal sight, which doth us all affright.

Here *Scylla* stands, and the *Charybdis* dire

Lies vomiting the Sea, which sings and dances
Like water in a Kettle o're the fire,

And vapours to the highest Rocks advances.

But when the Sea it sucketh in again,

It sounds like Thunder in the hollow stone,
And we could see the bottom very plain ;

Sandy it was, and black to look upon.
Whilst we our eyes upon *Charybdis* fix,
And stand amazed at the horrid sight,
Suddenly *Scylla* stoopt, and snatch'd up six

Of the best men I had to row or fight.
I from the ship that never stir'd my eye,
Soon saw their sprauling arms and legs i'th' air,
And heard them lamentably to me cry,

And name me in their uttermost despair.
As Fishers in a Horn mix fraud and food,
And from the bank at th' end of a long Wand,
To catch the Fry cast it into the Flood,

Then pluck them up, and throw them on the land :
So lifted were my Mates. Of my mishaps
This was the saddest I did ever see,

When

When she my men cham'd in her ugly Chaps,
 Roaring and holding out their hands to me.
 From *Scylla* we unto the Island row
 Where feeding were *Sols* sacred Sheep and King.
 Before we landed I could hear them low ;
 Which brought into my minde the Prophecie
 Of old *Tiresias* the *Theban* Bard,
 That counsel'd me this Island for to shun :
 Of *Circe* also I like counsel heard,
 And not to land i'th' Island of the *Sun*.
 Then speaking to my Fellows, Friends, said I,
 This Island sacred is to *Sol* ; this place
Tiresias and *Circe* both bid fly,
 And not to disembark in any case.
 For if we do, for certain they declare
 The greatest mischief that e're men befell :
 Therefore keep out to Seaward, and beware
 Of landing here, and then we shall be well.
 But then *Eurylochus* to me began :
 You have, *Ulysses*, a hard heart, quoth he ;
 There is no labour but you bear it can ;
 Your limbs of stubborn steel compos'd be.

But

But you consider not your Mates are tyr'd
 With their continual tugging at the Oar,
 And that refreshment is and sleep requir'd,
 Which is not to be had but on the shore.
 But you would have us wander in the night,
 When in the night the greatest windes arise,
 The bane of ships ; and when depriv'd of light,
 To save our selves we can no way devise.

What if great windes should blow from *South* or *West*,
 Which often happens, though their King not know
 Or not consent ? Therefore I think it best
 To night to sup ashore, to morrow row.

So said *Eurylochus*, and was commended
 By all my Mates : and presently I knew
 One *Dæmon* or another had intended
 To ruine me, together with my Crew.

Then said I to *Eurylochus*, 'Twere vain
 To strive against so many men alone.
 But you shall take an Oath that you'll abstain
 From hurting of the Cattle of the Sun.

Of *Circe's* meat ther's left us yet good store.

This said, they took the Oath ; which having done,
 They

They put into the Harbour, and ashore

They sup. And when their hunger now was gone,

Their Mates remembring that in th' hollow Rock

By th' monster *Scylla* were devour'd, they weep
And wail, and with their hands they knock

Their breasts, and in that posture fell asleep.

The Stars had climb'd a third part of the Sky,

When with a Whirl-winde *Jove* together fetcht
The Clouds from ev'ry part, and suddenly

On Sea and Land a dismal night was stretcht.

And when the Rosie-finger'd morning came,

Our ship we to a hollow Cave advance,
Wherein the Sea-Nymphs Seats and Couches have,
And where they are accustomed to dance.

Thither I call'd my mates, and said again :

Friends, we have meat and drink aboard, be wise,
And from the Herds and Flocks of *Sol* abstain,
Who heareth all we say, and all espies.

To this did my Companions all assent.

But for a moneth there blew no other winde
Then *South* and *East* ; so that we there were pent
I th' Island longer then we had design'd.

My

My mates, whilst they had bread and meat aboard,
Forbore to meddle with the Sacred Kine :

And fetch'd in what the Island did afford
Of Fish and Fowl, to have wherewith to dine.

Up I into the Island went aside,

The Conduct of th' Immortal Gods t' implore,
That some of them 'twould please to be my Guide,
And me unto my Country to restore.

And in a place defended from the Winde

I wash'd my hands ; and then with tears and sighs
Before the Gods I poured out my minde,

And they a sweet sleep poured on my eyes.

Mean time *Eurylochus* bad counsel gives

To his Companions. All deaths, quoth he,
Are hateful to what thing soever lives :

But death by hunger is the worst can be.

Let's kill some of the fattest of these Cows,

And sacrifice unto the Gods on high ;

And to appease the *Sun*, let's all make Vows

To build a Temple to his Deity

Enrich'd with Gifts. If not content with this,

For a few Cows displeas'd he seek our death,

For once to gape and die, far better 'tis,

Then strive with hunger till we loose our breath.

This said, my Fellows all his counsel take,

And chase *Sols* sacred Herds that graz'd hard by ;

And then for recompence their Vows they make

To build a Temple to his Deity.

But when they made their Vows, Chaplets they wear

Of tender leaves pluckt from the spreading Oak.

White Barley they had none, the which men bear,

When in their danger they the Gods invoke.

After the Vow perform'd, the Kine they slay,

And take their thighs and cover them with fat ;

And one of them upon the other lay,

To burn upon the Altar. After that,

Their Offering of Drink they pour'd upon

The Altar, as the Sacrifice they burn.

It ought t' have been of wine ; but having none,

They pour'd on water fair, which serv'd the turn.

When th' Entrails by my Fellows eaten were,

And fire consumed had the Sacrifice,

The rest they roast on Spits, and made good cheer.

Just then it was that sleep forsook my eyes.

And back again I walk'd down tow'rs the shore.

But coming near, perceiv'd the vapour rise
Of roasted meat. Then to the Gods I roar,

You give me sleep, and take away my life ;
So strange a thing my Mates the while have done.

Swiftly *Lampetio* to Heav'n flies,

And carries up the news unto the *Sun*.

The *Sun* in choler all the Gods defies,
Unless they right him of this injury.

Jove Father, and you other Powers Divine,
Revenge me of *Ulysses* Company

That have so insolently slain my Kine.

It was my joy to see them in the Morn,

And in the Evening, e're I went to bed.

Revenge me, O ye Gods ! of this their scorn,

Or I'll go down to Hell and light the Dead.

No *Phabus* (answer'd *Jove*) hold up your light

For Gods and mortal men to see their way.

As for the men that did you this despight,

Their ship at Sea with Lightning I'll destroy.

At this discourse in Heaven was *Hermes* by,

And heard his Father make this sad Decree :

ore.

And he again told all this History

To th' fair *Calypsa*, and she told it me.

When to my Fellows I was come, I rate

one. Them all full bitterly, and one by one ;

But all in vain, for now it was too late :

The Gods by Signes detested what was done.

The skins did creep, the flesh o'th' Spits did low,

Both raw and roast. Six days in th' Isle we staid

Feasting on *Phæbus* Kine, the seventh we row ;

For then the fury of the winde was laid.

When we were out at Sea we fix our Mast,

And up into the winde our Sails we draw,

And had the Isle so far behinde us cast,

That nothing else but Sky and Sea we saw.

Then *Jove*, when far from Land he saw our ship,

Just over it a dismal black Cloud hung,

Which made it dark as night upon the Deep ;

And then our good ship run not very long.

For presently from *west* a sudden blast

Came roaring in, and vehemently strains

And breaks the Cordage that upheld the Mast ;

And Which falling down, beats out the Steerers brains:

He drops into the Sea. The Mast hangs o're
 At Stern. The Yards lye cross the sink.
 And all the while both Heaven and Sea did roar
 With thunder loud, which made our hearts to shrink.
 And by and by into the ship *Jove* threw
 His Thunder-bolt, which whirl'd it round about.
 It smelt of Sulphur rank ; and all my Crew
 Into the Sea it suddenly threw out.
 They like to Gulls from wave to wave were born,
 But I kept still aboard, till at the last
 The Rudder from a-stern the ship was torn,
 And fell into the Sea, and with't the Mast.
 The Mast had hanging on it broken Ropes,
 Wherewith I bound them both together fast,
 And fate upon them as my latest hopes,
 Until the fury of the Storm was past.
 The Storm now laid, th' wind came about to th' South,
 And carri'd me before it, till the *Sun*
 Next morning rose ; and then we were i'th' mouth
 Of dire *Charybdis*, just when she begun
 To swallow up the Sea. Then up leapt I,
 And on the spreading Sycamore laid hold.

But to't I could not climb ; the boughs so high
 I could not reach : And far off was the root.

There by the hands I hung, expecting when
Charybdis should cast up the Sea, and bring
 The Rudder and the Mast to th' top agen.

Mean while, in th' Air I patiently swing.
 What time the Judge ariseth from his seat,
 Ending the brabbles of contentious men,
 And all come weary home to take their meat,
 Then came my Mast and Rudder up agen.
 And I into the Sea close by them drop.

Then having soon recover'd them, again
 I place my self a-stride, once more, a-top ;
 And with my hands I rowed on the Main.

If *Scylla* this had seen, undoubtedly
 I had been lost. But 'twas the grace of *Jove*,
 That all this while she did not me espy,
 But kept her self retir'd i'th' Rock above.

Thus wandred I at Sea nine days out-right.

O'th' tenth at night the Gods brought me to land
 In th' Isle *Ogygia*, where *Calypso* bright
 Receiv'd me with a charitable hand.

But how she treated me, I need not say ;
You and the Queen already know it well,
From the Relation I made yesterday ;
Nor do I love the same Tale twice to tell.

FINIS.



Books printed for, and are
to be sold by *William*
Crook at the *Green Dra-*
gon without *Temple-bar*,
1673.

R *Eynolds* Gods Revenge against Mur-
ther, with Pictures, Fol.

Bacon's Natural History ; to which is ad-
ded the Life of the Author, in Fol.

The *Jesuite's* Morals in English , in
Fol.

A Geographical Description of the World,
in four parts, Illustrated with Maps. Writ
in French by Monsieur *Sanfon* , and English-
ed by R. B. Gent. in Fol.

Thomas of *Kempis* Christian Pattern, in
twenty four.

Drexelius

Books printed for William Crook.

Drexelius Considerations on Eternity in English, in 12.

Grotius Catechisme, Greek, Latine and English, with a Praxis to it; by Chr. Wase, F. Goldsmith, Esquire, B. Beale, &c. in Octavo.

Clark's Praxis Curie Admiralitatis, in Octavo.

Mr. Hales Tract of Schisme, in Quarto.

Hammond's Compleat Measurer, in Octavo.

The Life of *Renatus Des Cartes*, in Octavo.

Enigmatical Characters, by R. F. in Octavo.

Epigrams, by R. F. Esquire, in Octavo.

Three Papers to the Royal Society against Doctor *Wallis*, by *Thomas Hobbs*. Presented and printed 1671.

Doctor

Books printed for William Crook.

Doctor Maynwaring of health and long life, in Octavo.

His Compleat Physitian qualified and dignified, shewing the rise and progress of Physick, in Octavo.

Nomenclatura, Greek, Latine and English, for the use of Schools, in Octavo.

Hodder's Vulgar Arithmetick, in 12.

Gerbards Meditations in Latine, in 12.

An Answer to Mr. Fergusons Book, intituled, *Justification only upon Satisfaction*: Wherein he is friendly reprov'd, fully silenc'd, and clearly instructed: Whereunto is added a Discourse of the intent of Christs Passion and Death, in Octavo.

Mr. Hobbs *De Principiis & Ratiocinatione Geometricum*, in Quarto.

Sir Henry Blunts Voyage into the *Levant*; being a brief Relation of a Journey lately performed from *England*, by the way of *Venice*, into *Dalmatia*, *Sclavonia*, *Bosna*, *Hungary*,

Books printed for William Crook.

gary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, and Egypt, unto Grand Cairo : With particular Observations concerning the Modern Condition of the Turks, and other People under that Empire, in 12. Printed 1672. Price bound 1 s.

The Compleat Vineyard : Or an excellent way for the planting of Vines according to the German and French manner, and long practised in England : Wherein is set forth the ways, and all the circumstances necessary for the planting a Vineyard ; with the Election of the Soil, &c. Also the fashion of Wine-presses, the manner of bruising and pressing of Grapes, and how to advance our English Wines. Enlarged by the Author W. Hugbes, in Octavo. Printed 1670. price 1 s. 6 d.

A Sermon preached at the Funeral of a Religious man found drowned in a Pit ; wherein Sudden Death is most excellently handled, in Octavo. Printed 1679. price 1 s.

The Deaf and Dumb Mans Discourse ; or a Treatise concerning those that are born Deaf

Books printed for William Crook.

Deaf and Dumb; containing a Discovery of
their Understanding, and the Methods they
use to manifest the sentiments of their minds.
Together with an additional Tract of the
Action and Speech of Inanimate Creatures;
by Geo. Sibscota. Printed 1670 in Octavo,
price 1 s.

A Description of *Candia* in its Antient
and Modern State; with an account of the
Siege begun by the *Ottoman* Emperour, 1666,
continued 1667, 1668, and surrendered 1669.
With all the remarkable passages, and the
Articles of Surrender. Printed 1669 in O-
ctavo, price 1 s.

Vittoria Corombona, or the *White Devil* :
A Tragedy, as it was acted at the *Theatre*
Royal, by their Majesties Servants. Printed
1672 in Quarto, price 1 s.

The Old Troop : or, *Monsieur Raggon* : A
Comedy, as it was acted at the *Theatre Roy-*
al. Written by *John Lacy*, Gent. Printed
1672 in Quarto, price 1 s.

The Court of Curiosity : Wherein by the
Algebra and *Lot* the most intricate Questions
are

are resolved, and Dreams and Visions explained and interpreted: To which is added *A. Treatise of Physiognomy*; published in *French*, and for the rareness of it, translated into *Dutch, Spanish and Italian*, and now into *English*. The second Edition, cleared from many mistakes of the former Impression, both in the *Fortune-Book* and *Dreams*: With an Alphabetical Table added; so that either Dreams, or Answers to Questions, may be with ease found out: in 12. Printed 1672. price 2 s.

Poems written by the Right Reverend Dr. *Richard Corbet*, late Lord Bishop of *Norwich*: The Third Edition, corrected and enlarged. Printed 1672. in 12. price 1 s.

The Flower Garden: Briefly shewing how most Flowers are to be ordered; the time of flowering, taking them up, and planting them again; and how they are increased by Layers of Sets, Slips, Cuttings, Seeds, &c. with other observations relating to a *Flower-Garden*. Whereunto is added the *Gardiners Dialect*; viz. How to make a Horizontal Dial on a Grass-plat, the Knot of a Garden, or elsewhere; the like before not extant. By

William

William Hughes, in 12. Printed 1672. price 1 s.

The *Memoires* of the Life and rare Adventures of *Henrietta Sylvia Moliere*; being Remarks of the strange Adventures of a great Lady of *France*, now living: Written in *French* by her self, and translated into *English* by a Gentleman that knows her, in 12. Printed 1672. price 2 s.

The *American Physitian*; or, A *Treatise* of the Roots, Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Fruits, Herbs, &c. growing in the *English Plantations* in *America*: Describing the place, time, names, kinds, temperature, vertues and uses of them, either for Diet or Physick: with the Governour of *Jamaica's* Letter, &c. Whereunto is added all the ways of making of the Drink called *Chocolat*, and its vertues: By *W. Hughes*, in 12. Printed 1672. price 1 s.

Lux Mathematica: Wherein the 20 years Controversie in the *Mathematicks*, betwixt *Dr. Wallis* and *Mr. Hobbs*, is debated, and dedicated to the *Royal Society*; by *R. R.* in *Quarto*. Printed 1672. price 5 s.